THE KANSAS SEA-LIZARD SHE CHOKED A LYNX TO DEATH

PREHISTORIC REPTILE 30 FEET LONG IN NEW YORK MUSEUM.

The Skeleton Was Discovered in the

The Skeleton Was Discovered in the Bad Lands of the Smoky Hill River, in Western Kansas, by a Fossil Hunter.;

The big sea lizard dug out of Kansas chalk two years ago has been mounted at the American Museum of Natural history. New York, and is now on exhibition there. The skeleton, chestnut colored, is mounted on a plaster panel twenty-five free long every bone lying in the original chalk in which it was deposited. It is called "The boy," Mr. Mannassa said, "was playing in a swing in an almond orchard pulled him to the Great Marine Lizard" for lack of any other more intelligible name, and is a relic of the place, when a ferocious lying the chalk period. The period of chalk, by the way, dates from any guess at teacher might make in any school. The most recent might make in any school. The most recent might make in any school the most powerful type of sea lizard while noise powerful type of sea lizard had been surely fave in length, and belonged to the largest while most powerful type of sea lizard most powerful type of sea lizard had been surely fave in length, and belonged to the largest while most powerful type of sea lizards in a horrible manner, but with Spartan courage he held on until his sister came of the skeleton while hunting for the said while most powerful type of sea lizard states and shoulders. The said that they are like the little boy when the girl, with only her naked while most powerful type of sea lizard signal, although he clawed and bit her, she plunged his hand into the sugar yet was afraid his mover of scott City, Kas, discovered the skeleton while hunting for the said the said when the said the same reach should sand his daughter. It years of the said w

a Brute That Had Attacked Her.

been spending the past two months at Kingman, A. T., tells an interesting story of a case of heroism in a young girl that came under his observation. He said that

A Modern Courtship.

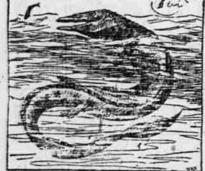
Gracious.

From the Detroit Pree Press.



fossils in the Bad Lands of the Smoky Hill river, in Western Kansas. The tail stuck out of the side of a chalk gully. The skeleton was cut out in a dozen or fifteen chunks of chalk, which were shipped to the museum. Here the successive slabs were developed with delicate instruments, and it was found that an entire mososaur was imbedded, from the tip of the long pointed snout to near the tip of the long pointed snout to near the tip of the long pointed snout to near the tip of the long pointed snout to near the tip of the tail. The animal lies exactly as it perished, upon its ventral surface, with the fore and hind paddles outstretched and the backbone thrown into an S shaped curve. The tip of the tail is missing. The skull is four feet long, the fore paddle three feet long and the hind paddle three and a half. It is estimated that the girth of the body, behind the fore paddles was ninefeet. The laws are armed with powerful teeth. The neck is only two feet long. The back is eight feet long, and the tail, fifteen feet in length, was evidently the great propeller of the body.

It is the most remarkable discovery of the chalk age and was purchased by the American Museum of Natural History for this reason. This specimen is most interesting in the fact that it is more perfect than any found. Heretofore any imprints of such giant lizards have been lacking in that there was no sign of a neck, breast or abdomen. But in the case of this discovery the cartilage or flesh of those missing portions is plainly marked. From the outlines in the chalk of the neck and breast scientists have been able to



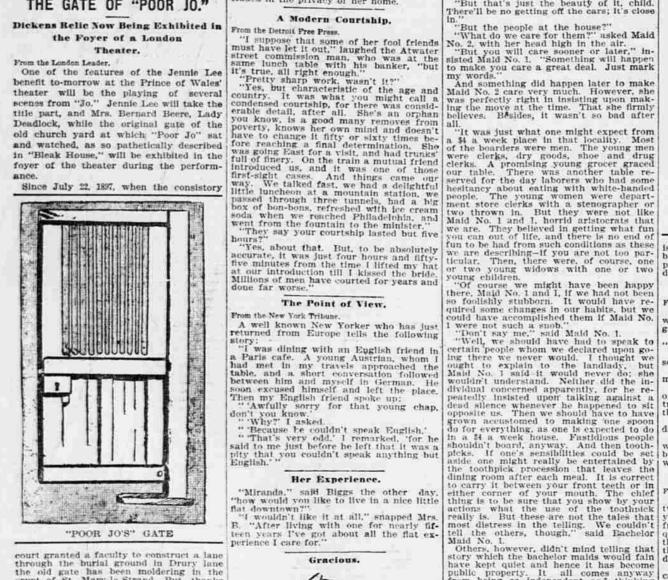
make what might be called an accurate

The specimen agrees closely in size with the Grast American Mediterranean sea.

The specimen agrees closely in size with the fragmentary skeleton of a similar animal described by Professor Cope in 1871 at Fort Wallace, Kas. In the neck and chest region it was found that the cartillages supporting the trachea, forming a broad band along the abdominal line and supporting ten of the anterior ribs, were all well preserved. This renders possible a complete restoration of the the chest region.

THE GATE OF "POOR 10."

THE GATE OF "POOR JO." Dickens Relic Now Being Exhibited in



court granted a faculty to construct a lane court granted a faculty to construct a lane through the burial ground in Drury lane the old gate has been moldering in the crypt of St. Mary-le-Strand. But, thanks to Mr. Hollingshead, who vouches for the authenticity of the relic, as he had dis-cussed the matter with Dickens himself, and to Mr. Reader, who is officially con-

nected with the church, our artist on Sat-urday was enabled to make a sketch of the gate.

Propriety

From the Detroit Journal. It is Monday. The new tenant in the last house but one has hung out a lovely washing
"Yes, but if she thinks to compel social recognition here, she is much mistaken!" exclaimed the neighbors, relent-

lessly.
Oh, the hard heart of woman, when dominated by a sense of what is called propriety!

A Bad Case.

From the Detroit Prec Press.
"There's the most absent-minded man in Michigan." said one guest at a party to

Enother recently.

'I noticed that he seemed oblivious of his From Univer Gove "Yes, and look at him over there. I just introduced him to his own wife and he don't know her now,"

"Induced that he seemed oblivious of his From Unsere Gasellachait.

Footman—"Excuse me, baron, but I haven't received any wages for four months."

Baron—"All right—I excuse you!"

YOUNG DOCTOR'S ERROR An Arizona Girl's Brave Battle With

that such an incident should ever have occurred. However, it is true, and as the story has already leaked out it may as well be told for the entertainment of others.

One peculiarity of bachelor maids when they come to the city to try their luck in the great game of earning one's living is that they are like the little boy who wanted a lump of sugar, yet was afraid his mother would see him. Going to the cupboard he screwed his eyes tight shut while he plunged his hand into the sugar bowl. "But what has that to do with the bachelor maids and their story about to be told?" is the question asked.

Well, let the narrator tell that when the bachelor maids went to live at a boarding house on a side street because it was cheap, they deliberately closed their eyes to the fact that it was not exactly the kind of living to which they had been accustomed. "And that has what to do with the story?"

FESSIONAL VISIT.

story?"
That is the cause of the story.
It was late in the fall when the bachelor maids went to the East side boarding house to live. As everybody knows, it is easier to keep one's whereabouts unknown in the winter than in the summer. People are not sitting out upon their porches therefore they do not see one go out and in. In the morning they are in the rear rather than in the front of their homes, and at night it is dark when one comes home from work. This was the way the bachelor maids argued when they went to the East side boarding house. They were good arguers, were these bachelor maids, and when they knew that any particular course was not only sensible but desirable, following the advice of the schoolmaster Squeers, they went and did it. n the winter than in the summer. People

seen in the country, and its pelt will be preserved as an interesting trophy by the Carrow family. The girl was greatly praised for her vallant conduct, and one of the newspapers of the town, in writing of her heroism, said: 'She should receive the government medal for bravery, for no braver act than this is recorded.''

HER COMPLEXION DAMAGED.

Chemicals in Saratoga Spring Turned Her Face a Deep Sooty
Black.

From the New York World.

A cracked and otherwise defaced complexion is likely to be the basis of a suit for damages at the next term of the Albany supreme court. The plaintiff in the case is a young woman not unknown in

for damages at the next term of the Albany supreme court. The plaintiff in the case is a young woman not unknown in New York city, and the complexion in question has frequently, been exhibited at all the nearby watering places.

The trouble with the lady's complexion was that it was of hand-made origin, Ordinarily its owner did not possess a marked and lively color, and when she returned from Paris during the spring of '88 her friends were somewhat amazed to descry the bloom of youth that had replaced her former sallow features.

After the young woman had amazed the natives of her home place she and her mother went to Saratoga, where they took rooms at one of the big hotels near the springs.

Now, the proprietor of this hotel had

mother went to Saratoga, where they took rooms at one of the big hotels near the springs.

Now, the proprietor of this hotel had just bored an artesian well upon his premises, and was extremely proud of the fact that his guests could get an abundance of fresh, clear spring water.

It appears that the lady for the first time during her stay at the hotel had attempted to scour her enamel with the new artesian water. A curious sensation moved her to look in the glass in the midst of this ablusted in the face had turned a dusky, settled black. The hotel physician was hastily summoned. He did his best to conceal his feelings, but if was a hard struggle.

"Madame." said he, "time is the great restorer, and you must have natience."

In other words, the lady would have to wait until her enamel wore off. She insisted, however, that he remove it, where upon he informed her that no chemical could remove it without removing her skin as well.

So in the middle of the night, the lady and mother, the daughter heavily velled, filtted homeward in the dark, and for the remainder of the season she remained se-

home to?"
"They'll know where we get off the cars."
"But that's just the beauty of it, child.
There'll be no getting off the cars; it's close

in."
"But the people at the house?"
"What do we care for them?" asked Maid
No. 2, with her head high in the air.
"But you will care sooner or later," insisted Maid No. 1. "Something will happen

tell the others, though," said Eachelor Maid No. 1.
Others, however, didn't mind telling that story which the bachelor maids would fain have kept quilet and hence it has become public property. It all comes anyway from being so independent and thinking that if you keep still yourself about your own affairs others will do the same. Maid No. 2 fell ill late one night. It was nothing but a chill due to exposure during the day, she insisted, but it was a very cold one, Maid No. 1 thought, and it kept them both awake all night. Early the next morning Maid No. 1 crept out of bed and got ready to go to the office with a face pale from sleeplessness and eves unnaturally large. She put things to rights about the room, tried to make No. 2 comfortable for the day and then went of leaving her to the tender mercies of the landlady.

The landlady was a kind hearted soul

leaving her to the tender mercies of the landlady.

The landlady was a kind hearted soul with hard practical sense and a great many duties to perform. When she got around to No. 2 about noon she looked at her critically and emphatically advised a doctor. Landladies do not like the responsibility of sick boarders upon their lands. Maid No. 2 as emphatically denied the need of medical aid, for reasons which she did not feel called upon to convey to the landlady. One of them concerned her own personal affairs. As to the other, she did not care to offend the landlady, and it would have been policy if she had, at this particular juncture. So she simply said that she would be all right soon, she only needed rest and what she wanted most was four to be left alone. After that she was left alone until late in the afternoon.

Late in the day a light tap was sounded.

upon No. 2's door, but she heeded not. Through her excited fancy there was running visions of burning streams, hot geysers and swelling springs. The landlady came to the bed and touched her forchead. "Dr. Jones is downstairs," she said, "to see Mrs. Smith, and don't you think he'd better come up?" "No." said Maid No. 2, barely opening her eyes. "But you're awful sick," insisted the landlady.

George J. Manassa, of this city, who has RESULT OF AN UNEXPECTED PRO-

andlady. "Is he young or old?" murmured maid No. 2.
"I haven't seen him, miss, but it's the old Dr. Jones I'm sure, for I know Mrs. Smith doesn't like the young doctor. You'll let him come up, won't you, dear?" The landlady could be persuasive when she chose.

"Yes." whispered Maid No. 2. "if he's 'Yes." whispered Maid No. 2. "if he's old." Then she closed her eyes again, and it semed ages before she heard anything. "Is this the lady?" asked the doctor. No. 2 then opened her eyes and saw not the father, but the son. Mrs. Smith had evidently overcome her dislike for the younger man or been unable to help herself. It was embaryassing of course. er man or been unable to help herself.

It was embarrassing, of course—not so much so as what followed, however. Bachelor Maid received medicine for several degrees more fever than what she had. But she argued afterward that was probably what made her recover so quickly. When he left, the doctor said he would look in again in the morning to see how she was getting along. Then Maid No. 2 turned over and went to sleep.

That night, when Maid No. 1 came home the story was told and discussed. Out of the wisdom of their own reasoning the Maids determined that it would not be necessary to see the doctor again and that

the story was told and discussed. Out of the wisdom of their own reasoning the Maids determined that it would not be necessary to see the doctor again and that they would send him word in the morning. That is, Maid No. 1 would leave such word with the landindy when she went out to work in the morning and Maid No. 2 could sleep on in peace.

It was late at night when they finally were settled for rest. Maid No. 1 had been awake the entire night previous. Hence it was late the next morning before either one awake.

There was a light tap upon the door, —Maid No. 2 stirred uneasily, then nestled down under the bedciothes. She was dimly conscious that No. 1 was still beside her and that two figures, a man's and a woman's, were entering the room. The blinds were drawn and the room was not light. But Maid No. 2 never moved.

"I don't know how she's feeling to-day," the landlady was saying to the doctor, as they came to the bedside—the side where Maid No. 1 was quietly trying to crowd two nights' rest into one.

Maid No. 2 has always been thankful that upon this occasion she recovered her consciousness gradually. It enabled her to keep perfectly still concealed as she was beneath the bedciothes. No. 1 suddenly opened her dreamy blue eyes and found the brown ones of a handsome young man looking intently at her while the owner of the same picked up her hand from the coverlet and held it in his own. No. 1's eyes grew bigger and bigger. Was she still dreaming? Then the handsome young man put his hand upon her brow and leaning over said very gently:

"Are you feeling better this morning?" The meaning then all came in a flash. No. 1 gave a wild laugh.

"I'm not your patient!" she exclaimed, wildly, as she raised up in bed and shook a mass of black hair about her shoulders.

"Well, I guess you ain'tt" exclaimed the landlady: "but how does it happen you ain't at work?"

"I—I must have overslept," stammered Maid No. 1.

The doctor picked up his hat and cane.

ain't at work?"

"I-I must have overslept," stammered Maid No. 1.

The doctor picked up his hat and cane.

"I'll come again later," he said, as he vanished from sight.

Maid No. 2 indignantly sat up in bed.

"I might have known you'd forget to lock the door. You never do anything well," she said.

"Well it's head.

well." she said.
"Well, it's harder on me than you," No. 1
retorted, "so you needn't scold. But isn't
he handsome?"
No. 1 said to No. 2 severely, "I see the
beginning of a romance right here."
No. 1 denied this emphatically—but she
blushed a very pretty pink. Hence the
story may yet be told.

M. M.

The Junior Lily.

Mrs. Langtry denies the report that he daughter is about to appear on the stage. She says: "My daughter is not designed for a public life and should not be made the subject of public notices."
The report says that the daughter, who



is only 15, has already developed a strong blas for the stage, but that her mother op-poses and does not allow her to mix in dramatic circles.

Her Answer.

"McLubberty," began Hogan, "av yez was to dole to-day phwere wud ahl av us go to-morrow?"
"Thot's alsy," returned McLubberty. "Yez wud go to my feneral, av course,"
"Naw! We wud go gooseberryin'. D' yez see ut?"

"Naw! We wud go gooseberryin'. D' yez see ut?"
"Of do. Begorra! Of'll git the laugh on me wolfe wid thot."
Arriving home he attacked the partner of his joys and sorrows, who was industriously chasing soiled linen up and down the washboard, as follows:
"Me dar-r-r-lin', av yez was to doi today phwere wud Oi go to-morrow?"
"Yez wud go broke, till yez got anither wolfe thot wud support yure royal laziness by takin' in washin'; thot's phwere yez wud go."

He Who Must Be Obeyed.

From the Chicago Tribune. From the Chicago Tribune.

"But after you had knocked down the two or three policeman who had cornered you, and could have escaped by running from the flat you were trying to rob," inquired the magistrate, bent on getting at the facts of the case, "how did it happen that you surrendered zo tamely to this undersized officer in citizen's clothes?"

"I thought he was the ignitor," said the "I thought he was the janitor," said the captured burglar.

Exchange of Courtesies rom Unsere Gesellschaft.



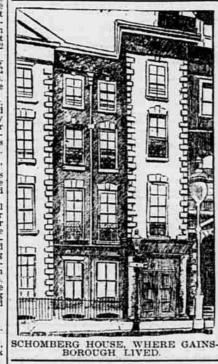
charge)—"And now I hope that you'll lead a respectable life and become a useful member of society."

Discharged convict—"Thank you, sir; I Late in the day a light tap was sounded wish the same to you!

SCHOMBERG HOUSE, WHERE GAINS. BOROUGH LIVED.

He Never Signed His Pictures-Anec dotes Showing His Blunt Manner of Rebuking Vain Sitters-Unconventional.

rom the Sketch. The second week in May might be called She Makes a Few Observations Re-Gainsborough week, for, though no man can tell the date of the great painter's birth, the Sunday of that week was the 172d anniversary of his christening in the independent meeting house at Sudbury, in Suffolk, while his Loadon residence, Schomberg house, Pall Mail, is unusually to the front, inasmuch as the war office means to abandon it as soon as ever its new quarters in Whitehall are ready. Gainsborough is always among the im-



any other English portrait painter, not excepting Reynolds, while to the art connoisseur ha is of increasing value. It is only the other day that Mr. Armstrong wrote an elaborate monograph upon Gainsborough, so that it needs only to recall a few facts which may have become dimmed on the tablets of fickle memory.

Certainly no woman can possibly forget Gainsborough, for has he not given her a hat? A hat, moreover, of such intrinsic grace and beauty that it is permanently the vogue. This fact is sufficiently conving-

dainsborough, for has he not given her a hai? A hat, moreover, of such intrinsic grace and beauty that it is permanently the vogue. This fact is sufficiently convincing when one remembers that the other name of fashion is ephemerality.

Gainsborough is well represented in the English national gallery, both in portraits and landscapes The national gallery of Ireland has one example in each genre; that of Scotland rejoices in a lovely picture of the Hon. Mrs. Graham; Dulwich possesses "The Misses Linley" (Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell): "The Painter's Daughters" is in South Kensington musuem, and numerous beautiful examples of his work are scattered throughout the length and numerous beautiful examples of his work are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, many of which will have been seen by those fortunate enough to have visited the Gainsborough collection at the Grosvenor gallery in 1885. The "Musidora" in the national gallery, with its lovely auburn tints, is thought to be a portrait of Emma Hart—afterward Lady Hamilton—who appears to have lived in a portion of the huge Schomberg house during the Gainsboroughs' tenancy.

BANKRUPTCY BEFORE HIM.

Mr. Anderson Does Not Wish to Pay \$1,500 Alimony a Year fo a Perload of Forty Years.

From the New York World.

Anderson Does Not Wish to Pay \$1,500 Alimony a Year fo a Perload of Forty Years.

From the New York World.

Anderson Does Not Wish to Pay \$1,500 Alimony a Year fo a Perload of Forty Years.

Wall street, is a gentleman of great foresight. He is also original in that he is the first to file a petition in bankruptey that he

Description of the House.

Concerning Schomberg house much might be written. The west wing-which Gains-

makes them easy to recognize by the expert. Hg was supremely good at depicting women and children. Whether fashionable beauties or rustic children, he seemed to seize the charm and spirit of his sitter and transmit them to canvas with an ideal grace and sympathy that perhaps no other painter has achieved. Yet, successful as Gainaborough was with his portraits and fine as they are, they were to him quite secondary-merely the vehicle of a livell-hood. Landscape came first. On one ocasion, when Lord Lansdowne called on him at Schomberg house, Gainsborough, after showing him through several rooms hung with his landscapes, took him to the studio, and, pointing to a portrait, said, "I'm a landscape painter and yet they will come to me for portraits. I can't paint portraits. I can't paint portraits. I can't paint portraits. Look at that arm! I've been at it all the morning and I can't get it right."

Mr. Tarr was himself a local preacher. "Who's going to preach at the Methodists this morning?" was once asked by old Mr. Bullitt, the president of the Easton bank. "Peter Tarr." was the reply. "Petah Tah!" exclaimed the old gentleman in amazement. "Petah Tah! Where in the house dained the validity of that Peter's orders.

Yet Gainsborough has merit, too.

cademicians he criticises thus:

Yet Gainsberough has merit, too,
Would he his charming forte pursue,
To mind his landscape have the modest grace;
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despised;
I wish them more attended to, and prized,
natead of trumpery that usurps their place.

And area in. And again-

And again—
O Gainsborough, Nature 'plaineth sore,
That thou hast kicked her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee.
Lo' all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go, find her, kiss her, and be friends again!

Le: all thy efforts without her are vain! Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again!

Unlike most artists, Gainsborough did not travel, but got his inspiration from his own country, spending his life between Suffolk. Bath and London. Suffolk is proud of his memory, and many of his early sketches made in the woods of Sudbury are still cherished in the county. John Constable, also a native of Suffolk, speaks of Gainsborough's pictures as "soothing, tender and affecting." He further adds, "On looking at his canvases we find tears in our eyes and know not what brings them."

His studies were pursued in London, where his parents sent him at the age of 14. First he went to Gravelot, the French engraver, then to St. Martin's Lane academy. From there he entered Frank Hayman's studio, stayed there for three years, and then set up for himself in Hatton garden. Here he painted landscapes and portraits for dealers at a low price. At Bath he was able to command fairly good money for his work. He greatly admired Vandyck, and often made copies of him, as well as of Rubens and Teniers.

Was a Little Cranky.

Was a Little Cranky.

With some of his subjects Gainsborough had difficulties. Mrs. Siddons was one of hem. After several tries and failures he said, in a moment of unrestraint: "Con-found your nose, madam, there's no end to it!" This is a good example of what Mr. Armstrong calls "irresponsibility of

ongue."
Here is another instance: He was one Here is another instance: He was one day painting a personage who ventured to ask him not to forget the dimple in his chin. "Never mind the dimple in your chin!" said Gainsborough: "I shall paint neither the one nor the other." And he didn't. He made no less than five attempts to paint his old friend Davy Garrick and succeeded in the end. Quin and Foote he also tried to paint and neatly remarked that "they had everybody's faces but their own."

own."

In the national gallery there is now a portrait of Gainsborough and his wife's famous it and had to dismiss the school!"

GREAT PAINTER'S HOME dogs. Fox and Tristram. Of his picture "Girl and Pigs," which Reynolds so greatly admired (though he deployed the girl was not beautiful) and which he purchased for \$500, "Pindar" writes:

\$500, "Pindar" writes:

And now, O Muse, with song so big.
Turn round to Gainsborough's "Girl and Pig;"
Or "Pig and Girl," I rather should have said.
The pig is white, I must allow,
is really a well paigled sow;
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.
Ruskin's tribute to Gainsborough is classic. He says, among other things, that "he is the purest colorist of the whole English school—that with him, in fact, the art of rainting did in great part die and exists not now in Etaope; that in the pure technical art of painting Turner is a child of Gainsborough!"

So much for English genius.

WOMAN AND THE STREET CAR.

garding the Treatment of Men and Women.

The woman about town sees 2 great

any things and occasionally she forms an opinion of her own. One of these recently evolved by her own reasoning powers, such as they are, is in regard to street car conductors. She has long been in the habit of watching the different attitudes of these public officials towards men and towards women. She has noticed that while the former can walk off from a moving car at the imminent peril of his neck the latter cannot even rise from her seat until the car has actually stopped, without being in danger of being shouted at and told to keep her seat. Of course the woman recognizes that this is because her kind are regarded as so much more valuable than the great race of men, and appreciates it accordingly. At the same time she is a bit inclined to tell where she thinks matters might be a trifle improved. For instance she once saw an elderly woman well known for her level headedness and common sense attempt to leave the car while it was waiting for a car on a cross track to go by. And the conductor interfered, not very graciously. Every man who had wished had left the car and there was pienty of time for the woman. But she had to wait until the car crossed the tracks. The woman could see by the look upon the other woman's face that she felt the slight placed upon her good judgment. Then the woman knows a high school girl who likes to "flip" the cars. Her brothers had taught her the correct way and so of course she knows there is no harm in her doing it. Consequently there is no use of conductors shouting out to this young woman. It will be but wasted time. The woman has seen enough to feel convinced of that. Thus the regarded as so much more valuable than e but wasted time. The woman has seen nough to feel convinced of that. Thus the SCHOMBERG HOUSE, WHERE GAINS-BOROUGH LIVED.

mortals. His famous stolen picture of the duchess of Devonshire alone has made him more familiar to the man in the street than any other English portrait painter, not excepting Reynolds, while to the art connoiseur he is of increasing value. It is only the other day that Mr Armstrong wrotes the some to have the adult of the connoise of the convinced of the convinced of the man in the street than any other English portrait painter, not excepting Reynolds, while to the art connoise of the convinced of the convinced of the cars the woman has formed the opinion that there is as much difference in women as in men. And because some of them insist upon getting off cars backwards instead of frontwards and walking deliberately into another approaching, not all are lacking in good judgment, and that these latter should be given a little scope in using that judgment lest it should wane. As to the girl who insists upon flipping the cars, the woman advises that she be given her own way until she sprains her ankle or breaks her nose. For she is just like many men. She learns from experience only.

Apropos of men and women the woman about town doesn't know which she would retain the connoise of the cars the cars. The woman has formed the opinion that there is as much difference in women as in men. And because some of them insist upon getting of cars backwards instead of frontwards and walking deliberately into another approaching, not all are lacking in good judgment, and that these latter should be given a little scope in using that judgment lest it should wane. As to the girl who insists upon flipping the cars, the woman advises that she be given her own wards and walking deliberately into another approaching, not all are lacking in good judgment, and that these latters should be given a little scope in using that judgment lest it should wane. As to the girl who insists upon flipping the cars, the woman advises that she be given her own wards and walking deliberately into another

Sometimes one seems to have the ad-Sometimes one seems to have the advantage of the best conditions in the so-cial world, and sometimes another. If a crowded car which a woman wants to board comes along she puts up a neatly gloved hand in signal or waves a dainty parasol. But the car sails by and the wom-an is left helplessly standing in the street

BANKRUPTCY BEFORE HIM.

first to file a petition in bankruptcy that he may get rid of paying alimony for the rest of his life.

Concerning Schomberg house much might be written. The west wing—which Gainsborough inhabited—and the central lock still remain. The mansion was built by the Duke of Schomberg. At this time it had been bought by Jonn Astley, the painter, who in his impecuations days used to line his waisteoat with his canvases. His first wife, a rich widow, left him her money, and with it he purchased Schomberg nouse, Gainsborough paid him \$1,309 a year for a third of it.

But to return to the pictures. Here are others—'Miss Linley.' Sheridan's wife, owned by the Marquis of Dufferin; 'The Bine Boy' and 'The Cottage Door,' both belonging to the Duke of Westminster, 'View in the Mall, St. James Park,' a gem of art, described by Hazilitt as 'all amuter, like a lady's fan'; 'The Edest Princesses' (the princess royal and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth); 'Signor Barcelli,' a most living thing; 'Lady Sheffield': 'The Morning Walk: Squire Hallet and His Wife,' owned by Lord Rothschild; a fine portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, belonging to Str Robert Peeletce, etc., etc., for the list grows too long.

Gainsborough never signed and seldom dated his pictures, but their individual style makes them easy to recognize by the expert. Hg was supremely good at depicting women and children. Whether Tashionable beauties or selection of the least of the least of the last year of his life, 1889, to pride him. From the Easion Ledger.

MRHARAO RAJA RAGHABII SINGH, Mr. Anderson, in his petition, looks ahead the pick were not bankrupt now, he surely will be a surely will be a well of forty years. For the less that, even the says in effect that, even the last period to hand the safe and of forty years. For the last period to pay a surely will be a the end of forty years. For the last period to pay and the purchased Schomberg nouse, and the last period of pay and the present the man and child have been done to have a suprement of a limony to have wieded his accorded to he gain was and elizabeth); 'Signor and the princesses' (the princess royal a Mr. Anderson, in his petition, looks ahead

One Who Escaped.

Prom the Chicago Tribune.

"Your father, I think, was a literary man," remarked the passenger sitting on the end of the car seat. "I knew him pretty well, being somewhat in the same line of work myself."

"Possibly, sir," stiffly replied the passenger who was accumying two seats." I transfer who was accumying two seats." ger who was occupying two seats. "Litera-ture with him, however, was merely ar

avocation and not a vocation. He didn't have to follow it, as some people do. When he got tired of it he laid down the pen."
"Laid down the pen, did he?" rejoined the other, "I notice he seems to have let one of the hogs out."

One on the Teacher. From Unsere Gesellschaft.



"Why, Fritz, what has made your cheek swell up so?"
"Teacher cuffed me!"
"But you look as if you were actually

teacher sprained his wrist doing

THE REALITY OF KIPLING'S POEM. "THE LAST SUTTEE."

Rao Raja Bishen Singh, an Honest Man-Despot in His Little Empire-A True Sportsman, but Every Inch a Rajput.

In his poem "The Last Suttee" Rudyard Kipling has sung of the "Boondi Queen." who hungered for "the death she might not share," on the funeral pyre of her deceased share." on the funeral pyre of her deceased lord because it had been interdicted by the great sirkar. He has also described in prose, from a personal visit, the wild bequity of the home of her birth in a road-less land of hills and fore-ts. She came of the stock represented by the late and present chiefs. Go back our generation farther and you find that the little boy's great-grandfather was the Rao Raja Bishen ainsh, who joined hands with the British power in 1917, when Bundi was in sora straits, for the Mahratta flag waved in



RAO RAJA RAM SINGH, LATE CHIEF OF BUNDI.

mison with her own within the walls of unison with her own within the walls of the capital, while the revenues collected scarcely afforded the means of personal protection to its prince. He had been de-scribed thus: "He was an honest man and every inch a Rajput. Under an unpolished exterior he concealed an excellent heart and an energetic soul; he was by no means deficient in understanding and possessed a and an energic soul; he was by no means deficient in understanding and possessed a thorough knowledge of his own interests. When the Mahrattas gradually curtailed his revenues and circumscribed his power and comforts, he seemed to delight in showing how easily he could dispense with unessential enjoyments and found in the chase the only stimulus bedtting a Rajput.

A True Sportsman.

He would bivouse for days in the lion's lair, nor quit the scene until he had circumvented the forest's king, the only prey cumvented the forest's king, the only prey he deemed worthy of his skill. He had slain upward of 100 lions (there are no lions in Bundi to-day) with his own hand, besides many tigers and boars innumerable had been victims to his lance. In this no-ble pastime not exempt from danger, and pleasurable in proportion to the toil, he had a limb broken, which crippled him for life, and shortened his stature, previously below the common standard. But



MAHARAO RAJA RAGHABII SINGH,

he last year of his life, 1888, to pride him-



INDOR SINGH, FUTURE CHIEF OF BUNDI. self on having reigned longer than any sovself on having reigned longer than any sovereign, past or present. He preferred transit dutes and fixed tariffs to free trade and metaled roads, and was blind to the advantages of schools, vaccination and other paraphernalia of modern civilization. The Rajput, who swears by sword and shield, time honored emblems of his race and faith, together with the few British officers who had an opportunity of knowing this old chief of the Haras, who never left his kingdom, nor wished to make it accassible to strangers, still hold in respect and admiration his manly character and frank sincerity.

incertity. It is too early to pass judgment on his son, the present chief, whose photograph in full Durbar dress does not include the shield represented in Ram Singh's, though one might easily fancy from it that the race which produced Kipling's "Boondi Queen" has not lost its ancient characteristics.

A Burglar Proof Safe.

From the Ohio State Journal. Two burglars, after working on a safe all night, linally acknowledged themselves completely baffled by the new combination and were gathering up their tools in dis-"Say, Bill, I'll tell yer how we kin make some out o' this job."
"Wat yer mean?"
"Let's hunt up the manufacturer of this
safe an' sell him our testimonials."

Embarrassing.

Prom the Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Parvenu—"It's very annoying, very!
How did they discover that the spoons I gave them weren't solid? They certainly were not mean chough to have them ex-Mr. Parvenu-"Of course not They're genuine blue bloods. But a burglar carried off all the rest of the silver and left those spoons."

From the Boston Transcript.

The Chief Charm.

From the Beston Transcript.

Carrie-"Oh you ought to join our golf club. We have such jolly times."

Minnie-"But I don't know how to play."

Carrie-"Oh we never play in our club.

That's the best of it, you know."